DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

There Is No Word Like "Pot" in Dishology

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK.

I WAS talking with a manager of a big house furnishings department the other day, and he told me about the way most women buy utensils. He said they all come into the store and asked for a "pot." They called everything in which a vegetable was boiled or a food cooked (except the frying pan) a "pot," and they never had much knowledge of how large a pot it should be for a definite size family, etc. I gave an attentive ear and sympathized with him and his troubles, and vowed to write a little screed on the right shaped utensil, and the difference between kettledee and kettledum.

A "pot" was once the name given the deep, heavy iron pot depicted in old drawings which was set down into bed of coals, and which still survives in the modern, large "ham kettle." But in modern, technical dishology there is no such thing as "pot."

First, we have the saucepan in all its modifications. This is generally more shallow than deep. There is the "French soucepan, and various other shapes, and all have long handles at one side, and are generally perfectly flat on the bottom. These are used to make sauces, gravies and small entree dishes, also for heating small quantities, or poaching eggs.

Then we have the large group of "Berlin kettles." These are deeper than wide, and have a "bail" handle, and rounding bottoms. These are for boiling vegetables, and come in sizes from one to sixteen quarts. There is the double boiler, which is distinct enough never to be confused. Then there is the frying pan group, and their first cousins, the French omelet pans, which one might easily mistake for a frying pan. The omelet pans have flaring edges, and come in attractive small sizes, and are much lighter than the fry pans—and much better, only, alas! too few women know it!

Our modern fuels of gas and electricity, and perhaps alcohol, are all distributed over a wide surface, and not concentrated, as with coal. This wider distribution is increased by the use of "hot plates" of various kinds which still further widen the heat area. Now, since this is true, it follows that our utensils must be shaped to meet these heating conditions; that is, we must have broad, shallow pots rather than high, narrow ones. If we measure two pots holding the same amount each, but find that one has a base eight inches across, and the other one of only five, we will find on further experiment also that the utensil with the eight-inch base will heat faster than the one with the five-inch base—which means saved fuel. Therefore, ergo, and thus, if we wish to save fuel—and who does not—we must choose shallow, flat and broad utensils. Particularly for boiling and stewing is this true, as then we need the wide heating surface.

And just a word about handles—the "bail" kind is not as efficient because it gets hot as it hangs over the edge of the pot. The long, metal handles, or those of wood, well fastened and riveted to the side, are better. And another word about utensil bottoms—they should not be so rounded that they will "wobble," especially if tipped by a heavy handle. The flatter, straight bottom is preferable. And there are "false bottoms" in utensils as well as in trunks! Several kinds of utensils come with a false copper bottom, so as to prevent any danger of burning.

Then sizes—what is a pot's real bust measure?

1½ pint to 2½ quart—for sauces, warming can of vegetables or soup, milk or making cocoa.
2½ quart to 6 quart—Boiling vegetables, potatoes.
6 to 8 quart—for making soup or boiling ham or large quantity of corn on cob.
6 qurt—preserve making.
1 to 4 quart for stews and casserole dishes in shallow shape.
(4 quart is good for small family; two 4 quart and one 2 quart are almost all that is necessary.)

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Flower Painter Left Collection Of Great Value

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

If you want a thing bad enough to work for it you can get it.

A little girl born in a log house on a farm in New York State more than sixty years ago, wanted to travel. She longed and wished with the same hopefulness that we all have as children, but the usual country school teacher of sixteen, sixty years ago, did not have much chance of traveling all over the world.

But this was an unusual little sixteen-year-old school teacher. Adelia Gates, really wanted to study flowers and travel. So she worked in a cotton mill at Lowell, Mass., and taught school in the winter time, and finally made enough money to go to college at Antioch, Ohio. A year later (she had kept her eyes open) she went as a companion to a Kansas girl, on her first trip to Europe in 1867.

When fifty years old, she undertook the study of flower painting, being at the same time interpreter for a friend who was studying in Geneva, under the noted flower artist, Madame Vouga.

Today, at the National Museum here in Washington, is an exhibition of water color plant studies presented to the Smithsonian Institution by her niece, Miss Eleanor Lewis.

The subjects treated embrace a wide range of foreign and domestic plants. Though widely scattered after her death, the paintings of Miss Gates were in time gathered and form a valuable collection of about 600 studies.

She had visited every portion of the United States, the Algerian desert, Egypt, Palestine, and had gone as far north as Iceland. When more than sixty years of age, ever propelled by the same steadfast hope, which made her first efforts so telling, she was still a traveler and explorer.

THE (TANGO) CHAMPION :: :: :: By Michelson

Recalling a certain other picture by C. D. Gibson

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Secrets of Health

Grief Costs You Dearly In Vitality

By Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins)

DR. HIRSHBERG.

SORROW, like lies or fire, grows by what it feeds on. There are many good souls alive today who feel that their filial love, the respect for their dear departed, the regrets over past errors, and the remembrance of things gone by cannot be sincere without deep, dyed-in-the-wool, heart-tormenting sorrow.

Yet sorrow really is an obnoxious and unnecessary demon that preys upon its solitude. Nothing more diverts it from its sad visions of the other world than to call it at moments back to this.

The busy, serious, efficient person with high resolve and fine purpose has no time for tears. He bears both the torments and the sorrow that, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.

Disappointed joys are too many. It is the vile daily drop, drop, drop that wears the soul out like marble with petty cares.

Dismiss each unfulfilled wish, each unconquered task, each disappointed pleasure at once and forever. Prof. Elliot and many other young-old men, attribute with justice their long and healthful life to the fact that they never moped when thwarted by others.

When joys are poisoned, when hope is turned into despair, obstructions put in your way, and all sorts of unexpected obstacles block your ambition, your life's desire, your loves, your yearnings, calmly turn away into another path and raise a new plan and structure.

One fire burns out another's burning; one pain is lessened by another's anguish; one desperate grief cures with another's languish. Take then some new infection to the eye, and the rank poison of the old will die.

There is no sense, reason, justification, glory, health, or beneficence in sorrow. Affliction is the old woman who lived in a shoe and had so many people she didn't know what to do. Each painful throe, each sign of sorrow bears other sons, uglier than their brothers.

Happy feelings make healthful natures. Joy should displace everybody's sorrow. It is the mainspring of all forward movement. Without it stagnation and retrogression in strength, vitality, working power, and the capacity to live follow.

The soul, secure in her existence, should smile at the drawn dagger and defy its point. The stars may fade away, all lovers, friends, and dear ones go, the sun himself may dim with age and nature sink in years, yet the human spirit should flourish happily as a green bay tree.

The wrecks of matter, the crush of worlds, the war of the elements should give a calm, helpful mood, not the anarchistic one of sorrow.

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What Is "Funny" About a Broken Heart?

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

I SAW such a funny headline in the newspaper this morning. "Afraid he'd carve her. Mrs. Somebody Something declares her husband used to threaten to cut her to pieces with the butcher knife, if she didn't have dinner ready on time."

Side splitting, isn't it? I laughed so hard it made me almost dizzy.

There were several other headlines of the same character in the same newspaper—every one of them humorous or supposed to be—and all of them about divorces.

The man who wrote the headlines seemed to think a divorce was the funniest thing in the world.

There was a funeral down the street this morning, the funeral of a little child.

The little white coffin was covered with a pall of lilies of the valley, and when the carriage with the child's mother in it drove away the little dead boy's faithful dog looked through the bars of the garden gate and whined and cried almost like a human being.

I do hope my friend who wrote those headlines was there when that carriage drove away. He would have seen something exquisitely humorous about it, I'm sure—and treated us all to his point of view in the paper the next morning.

Think of it, a child dead, a jolly little fellow whom I saw playing in his mother's garden only two or three days ago—a cowboy he was with two pistols and a "lawelt"—that's the way he pronounced it. And the dog was a wolf part of the time, and sometimes he was a bear, and sometimes a lion, fierce and furious.

And the syringa bush was a lair. The little boy camped behind it and peered through the branches with his chubby face distorted in a fearsome frown.

Humor—in Broken Hearts.

The little boy's mother came to the window often to watch him play, and her sad little face lit up wonderful radiance whenever she looked at him. She's a widow, they say, the mother of the little boy who died, and she loved her husband very dearly and was broken-hearted when he died.

What a lot of fun the humorous headline writer could have about that! Why, that fellow could get all sorts of jokes out of the inscription the little widow had cut into the stone at the head of the low grave whereee the man she loves lies sleeping. And just think of the fun he could make of the way things looked to her in the little garden when she came home from the funeral.

I'll warrant she couldn't even look at the syringa bush without tears, and when the child's dog came and laid his shaggy head upon her knee—what a howling farce.

And the little stubby shoes, and the faded little cowboy suit he was so proud of—just a few short days ago—the little, little boy—why, there's a whole column of wit in that.

I do love a man with a sense of humor—don't you?

He brightens up the world so, for us all—even when he yanks the chair out from under you and cripples you for life or puts salt in the coffee, or pretends to be deaf and dumb, or does any of the rest of those charming little tricks of his which while away the time for his appreciative friends.

But, somehow, when I had finished reading all those funny headlines about the divorces, I went to the telephone and canceled my subscription to the paper which printed the funny man's funny headlines.

A humorous divorce—what is there funny about a broken heart?

Maybe it is ridiculous for a woman to love a man and believe in him and trust him and leave her own friends and her own family and her own home and follow him smiling down to the very gates of death again and again—bringing up from the valley of the shadow with her his children in her arms.

Perhaps she is a sentimental fool to think that the man loved her and would be true to her and that they two will stand together—against the whole world if they would have to, and be happy in poverty and in illness and in discouragement—just because they were together.

No woman ever went into the divorce court in her life with anything but a bleeding heart, and I have seen men go there, too, with faces as set in agony as if they had been going to their own execution.

I sat beside a woman in court the other day. She was there to fight for the right of her children and herself. Her husband had fallen in love with a young girl—and turned her and her four children out like vagrant dogs to make their way in the world as best they could alone.

One Poor Bride's Case.

Oh, yes, he gave them money, a pension such as one gives an old and worn out servant, and he branded the children as worse than fatherless and the woman as worse than widowed.

The woman did everything in her power to get the man to let her live in outward amity with him for the sake of the children. But the man had promised the girl he was in love with that he would get rid of his wife and family, and so the woman had to fight for her children and for her own self-respect.

I was at that woman's wedding and helped to dress her for the ceremony. How happy she was, how gay, how light of heart!

How sorry she felt for all of us who had not yet found such a prince among men for ours, to have and to hold, as long as we both should live.

I remember the man, too—how handsome he was and how triumphant and how proud; he walked as one who treads on air.

"For better or for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health until death us do part."

How the old, old words rang through the room and thrilled us all.

And the other day I sat beside the bride—poor bride. Her wedding roses are faded in her cheek and no one in the world could say her eyes are like violets now. They have shed too many bitter, bitter tears.

And she and the man who promised to love and cherish each other until death did them part sat and looked into each other's eyes across the crowded room—enemies, bitter enemies, before the law.

The woman clutched my hand and held it close when her husband went on the stand to testify against her; and afterward she said to me, "I didn't cry or break down, did I?" And I answered her, "No, you dear, you were very brave." But, oh, her heart, how bitterly it must have wept.

I suppose my friend, the humorist of the headline, would have seen something deliciously amusing about the whole situation.

For my part, if I had a newspaper and any man wrote what he considered funny headlines about a divorce, I would discharge him then and there.

Men with that sort of sense of humor are dangerous. You never can tell what will seem funny to them.

TIMES BEDTIME STORY

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH.

DON'T you think it's about time I went skating again?" asked Brer Rabbit of his good wife, one night when the moon was shinning brigatly.

"Yes," began Mrs. Rabbit, "If you don't drown yourself like you did the last time."

"You are making fun of me," whined Brer Rabbit. "That's part of the fun when you go skating."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Rabbit. "I don't think getting drowned is much fun."

"I mean it's fun getting wet," replied Brer Rabbit.

"Well," said Mrs. Rabbit, "if you go skating again you must tie a piece of wood to your back so that you won't get drowned."

"All right," answered Brer Robbit, as he went over to the woodpile and got a stick of wood. "Tie it on."

Mrs. Rabbit fastened the stick across her husband's back with some twine.

"Put it up and down," began Brer Rabbit, "then it won't be in the way."

"No, I will put it across so you won't fall in any more holes," said Mrs. Rabbit.

"That's a good idea," said Brer Rabbit, as he started out the door, sideways.

Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel were seated on the bank of the lake when they spied Brer Rabbit coming.

"What are you doing carrying wood at this time of night?" asked Mister Squirrel. "You look like a walking woodpile."

"I'm not carrying wood," replied Brer Rabbit. "That's my life preserver and it will keep me from sinking if I fall in the water again."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mister Squirrel. "That's a good one."

"I guess I won't go skating tonight," said Brer Rabbit as he turned and started home. When he got to his house his wife said:

"Did you have a good time."

"No," answered Brer Rabbit. "Mister Squirrel made fun of me. He called me a walking woodpile."

"You just get in bed and forget skating for a while," said Mrs. Rabbit, trying not to laugh.

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"Wanting to Know" Aids Natural Growth

By ELEANOR AMES.

"IF it is true that love makes the world go round, then it is sure-curiosity that keeps it spinning," says Florence La Badie, whom many persons call "Mary," because of the wonderful interpretation of the character she gave in the film play, "The Star of Bethlehem."

Florence La Badie could succeed in a dozen different walks of life.

She could be a successful executive, a genuine business woman, for she has keen financial judgment and understands human nature.

She writes poems that are considered by literary critics to have the elements of real poetry, and she draws well enough to have had her pictures not only accepted for publication but liberally paid for.

But her chief genius is curiosity—the desire to find out, to get at the reason why, to know the genesis of things.

"I have always had the most profound admiration for the boy who 'wanted to see the wheels go round' in his grandfather's watch," says she. "I wish I knew what ever became of him. He should have turned out to be a very interesting character unless some well-meaning but pitifully misguided person discouraged his curiosity. That always strikes me as one of the real tragedies of life, the discouragement of perfectly righteous curiosity.

"It makes me unhappy to think of the stunted geniuses from such discouragement. Wanting to know is the most natural and normal desire. It is the fundamental attribute of life. The moment our curiosity dies, that moment we cease to grow, either mentally or spiritually.

"What has been the inspiration of all the discoveries and inventions of this world but the underlying curiosity, the desire to know?

"The child should be encouraged to ask questions. When I hear petulant mothers—I know they are often overworked and tired—scold their little ones for asking why is this and that, I feel like trying to make them understand how neecssary it is for the future of the child that he is given the chance ot ask and be answered.

"And speaking of children, arn't they the most fascinating studies? I believe that I have learned more of the real art of acting from them than from any other source. They are so exquisitely natural. Some of the best sketches I have ever made have been pictures of kiddies I have met on the streets, little mothers of the tenements, little grand ladies of the avenue.

"Pope says 'The proper study of mankind is man.' He surely knew what he was talking about. I feel willing to wager he was a questioning child. He had the genius for finding out. He had a beautiful curiosity.

"Humanity is the only study I know of which is never ending in its possibilities. The more one studies the less one really knows about human nature. They say it is the same the world over, but who knows, after all, what 'the same' means?

"Did you ever know any two persons who saw the same object exactly in the same way? I never did. Perhaps human nature is the same, but the human viewpoint differs with each individual.

"A very lovely looking young woman with the features of a marble statue and a form which might make Venus envious, came to me not long ago and said she was entirely discouraged. She said that everything she tried in the way of business went wrong. 'Sometimes I hate myself, the world and everyone in it,' she said. Then I knew what was the trouble. It wasn't the business that went wrong. It was the girl herself. Here is my own secret for getting along with comfort and happiness. It is simple and easily remembered. It is just this: LOVE HUMANITY."

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Answers to Health Questions

Mrs. M——, Douglass, Kan.—(1) Is there an absolute cure for myoedema? (2) Is it hereditary? (3) What will stop puffiness under the eyes?

Thyroid extract and fresh thyroids usually cure this. (2) No. (3) Sound sleep, if no serious malady is present.

W. S. E.—What is a cause and preventive of being "muscle bound?"

There are several disorders which pass muster under this name. One of them is due to waste of muscles from disuse. Another is an internal, spinal trouble. Infectious diseases also cause it. Altogether, however, it is more rare than leprosy. You need scarcely fear it.

S. C.—What is a remedy for gasolene poisoning?

Immediately after it has been taken give lots of whites of eggs, milk, and mustard water while you are waiting for the doctor. Keep the victim away from the fire.

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